



Great-Britain's Lamentation for her Deceased Princess:
OR, AN
ELEGY upon the Death of that
Most Illustrious *MARY*, Queen of *England, Scotland,*
France and Ireland; who Exchang'd this Life for a Better, *Decemb. 28. 1694.*

Mæror ubi Elegos Scribere cogit amor. A Rural Pen.

AH Sin! thou grand Infinger of the Laws
Of Sacred Justice, how art thou the Cause
Of World's of Mischiefs? bringing up the Rear,
Since thou to lead the Van didst first appear:
'Twas long of thee, the Angels fell so low,
From height of Glory to the depth of Woe.
'Twas long of thee, the Just Offended God
Plagu'd all Mankind with his Revenging Rod:
'Twas long of thee, that a late dismal stroke
From Heaven hath *England's* Joys in funder broke:
'Tis thou, vile Sin! 'tis thou that art the Womb
Of all our Sorrows; thou that art the Tomb
Of all our Comforts, but for thee, vile Sin,
We longer might have kept our Gracious Queen.
Religious Princes God doth sometimes take
From Kingdoms, for their Sinning Peoples sake.
Death is the Track that every one must tread;
Not One now living but shall once be dead.
Death killeth some, wills others to survive;
Not one deceased, but was once alive.
Death with a steady Hand his Dart lets fly,
At all; all Men are Mortal; All must dye.
Death is a Leveller, when he doth strike,
The Higheft and the Loweft fall alike.
Death will not be by Force of Arms controul'd,
It fpare not any, neither Young nor Old.
Death knocks as boldly at the Princely Door,
As at the humble Cabbins of the Poor.
The ftately Cedars, and the fturdieft Oaks,
Are over-power'd by Death's All-conqu'ring Stroaks.
Cæfar muft be Supreme, and Rule alone,
And Rival with him, *Pompey* will have none.
Yet, thofe two direful Thunderbolts of War,
Nay, *Alexander's* felf, that Rid as far
As *Phæbus* Beams are fpread, and terrify'd
Th' whole World, Conquer'd by Death, thefe Conquerers
The Greateft Sovereigns on Earth muft bow (dy'd.
To Fates refiftlefs Force. ——— And now, ah! now
At Royal *MARY* Death his Arrow darts,
And kills as great a Conquerer of Hearts
In thefe Dominions, as was ever found
Within the fpacious Earth's Sea-circled round.
Our Warlike *Pallas*, and our mild *Affraa*,
Of Sacred Vertue the Divine Idea,
By equal fharing in the Government,
To King and Kingdoms gave no mean Content;
VVhilst far-fam'd *William* manag'd Martial Work
'Gainft *Lewis* th' Antichriftian Chriftian Turk
In foreign Countries, fhe did overcome
Her Foes by Prudence, and kept Peace at home.
Her Crowned Prefence, and Renowned Afts,
Made her the Glory of the Female Sex.
This Great Exemplar of a Pious Life
To Kingly *Cæfar* an Obedient Wife;
Co-partner with him in th' Imperial Power,
To Foes a Terror; to her Friends a Tower:
A Sword to Wrong; a Shield to Innocence;
The Rod of Vice, and Vertue's Recompence:

A Peerlefs Lady, in her florid Age,
Brim-fill'd with Honour, Courteous, Modest, Sage,
Witty and Wife, one of a refolute Mind,
Yet to Compaffion mightily inclin'd,
Ev'n fometimes to a Fault, in faving thofe
Falle Wretches that were her Life-feking Foes:
Factors for *Rome*, whom nothing will content
Lefs than the Ruine of the Government.
(Know Rebels, tho' a while you fpared be,
Time may advance you on your Mourning Tree.)
Death thrills his Killing Dart; Great *MARY* dies,
VVhen on the fudden, Tydes of Sorrow rife,
And overflow the Land: All Eyes are drown'd
VVith Tears: All Places with a mourning found
Are fill'd; and Oh! with what lamenting Tones
Heart-renting Sighs, and never ftinting Groans
The Vaulted Regions ring: The Heavens are clad
In Mourning, and the Earth's exceeding fad;
Britain Laments, and if the Seas we crofs,
VVhat Country grieves not for this General Lofs?
Confed'rate Princes all agreed, exprefs
Great Grief for their great General's Heavinefs.
O what hard-hearted *Niobe* can forbear
For his great Lofs to fpend a Sigh, or Tear!
Ah cruel Death! to Church and State a Foe,
To turn a Commonwealth t' a Common Woe!
Ah cruel Death! that doft at once deftroy
The Fair *Maria's* Life, and *Britain's* Joy!
Ah! cruel Death! that fadly doft divide
The Royal Comfort and his Loyal Bride,
Th'one Moity of the Forfaken Throne,
Leaving but half himfelf to fit thereon!
How could he chufe but Sigh, and Grieve, and Weep
In thy rude Arms to fee his deareft Sleep!
Be cheer'd my Liege, thy Soul, when Prifon-free,
Shall go to her, who may not come to thee.
Thy Lofs is Great, far greater is her Gains,
In Splendrous Blifs thy Sainted *Mary* Reigns:
Be cheer'd my Liege, and follow her apace,
Who ran to Glory in the Way of Grace:
Run well thy Race, and fo fhalt thou obtain
An Heavenly Crown, and fhalt thy Lofs regain
Once more, and evermore with thy Saint *Mary* Reign.

An Acroftick EPITAPH.

Mary the *WO*rl'd's Or *I*ent Jewel;
A *lbion's* Gem: A *F*fection *S* Fewel;
R *ome's* Rod; *Britain's* choice D *e*light;
Y *oung*, yet ffor R'd with V *e*rtu *E*s bright:
Q *ueen* *E*l *I*za's Se *C*ond; Lowly,
V *aliant*, *F*ai *T*hful, Prud *E*nt, Holy:
E *ngland's* D *A*rling; Fr *A*nce's Terror;
E *urope's* Glor *le*; F *emale* S *M*irrou;
N *ature's* V *ar*N *i*fh; what *E*'re is found
E *xcellent*, b *E*re lies un D *e*r Ground.

N. B.